

Life

now
10¢

February 22, 1929



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JOHNSTON & MURPHY
Shoe for Men

Designed for the strenuous pastimes of the great outdoors... the essential pursuits of daily affairs... or the social gaieties of evening... a J & M model possesses a character appropriate to the occasion.

Quite aside from the suitable style... you always experience the satisfaction of wearing a shoe of distinction.

THE *J & M*
JOHNSTON & MURPHY
TRADE MARK
SHOE
Newark, N. J.



The Lake Placid Club



The Highland Oxford Style No. 307

A Wing Tip model, handsomely perforated and distinctively different. Offered by a leading store near you—in black or tan calfskin.



Miss Billie Burke,
Popular American Actress
and Star of the Stage

*"To stay slender-
reach for a Lucky
a most effective way of
retaining a trim figure"*

Billie Burke:

"To stay slender reach for a Lucky Strike instead of a sweet when your sweet-tooth tempts you. I have practised this for years and find it a most effective way of retaining a trim figure. There is something to the toasting process which develops a flavor in Luckies that completely satisfies the desire for sweets. At the same time, toasting takes out the irritants and Luckies never affect the voice."

BILLIE BURKE

Note: Authorities attribute the enormous increase in Cigarette smoking to the improvement in the process of Cigarette manufacture by the application of heat. It is true that during 1928, Lucky Strike Cigarettes showed a greater increase than all other Cigarettes combined. This surely confirms the public's confidence in the superiority of Lucky Strike.

"It's toasted"

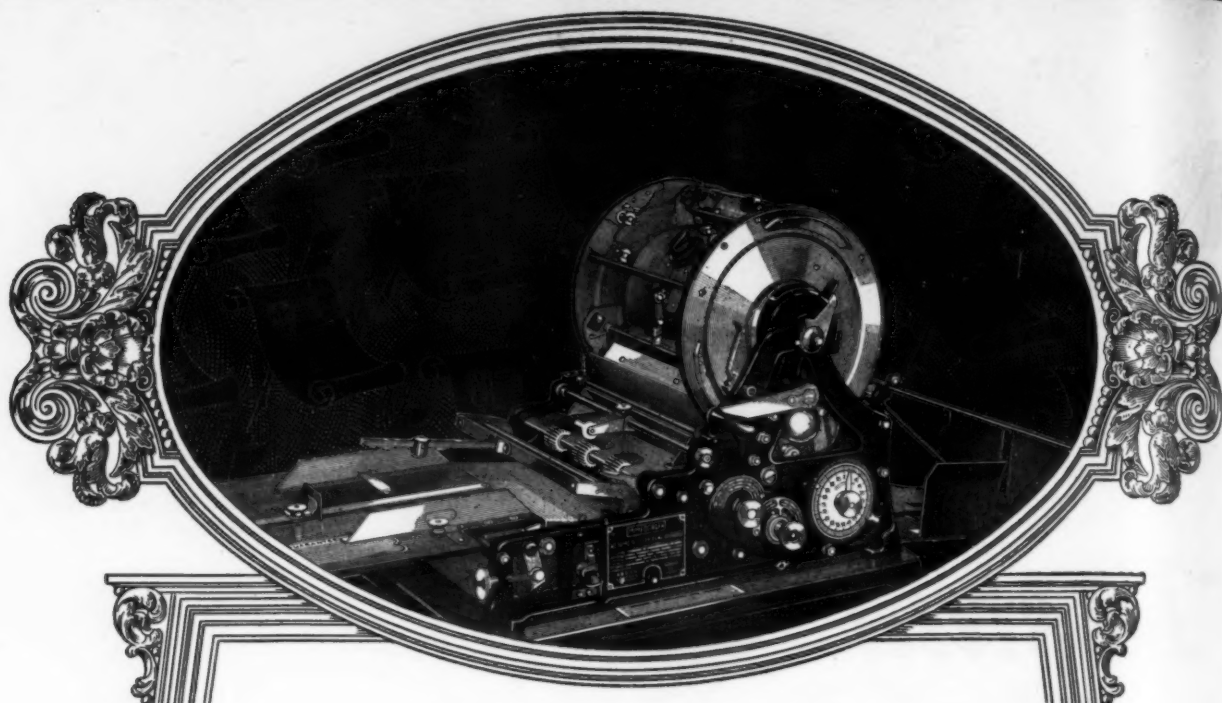
No Throat Irritation-No Cough.

Coast to coast radio hook-up every Saturday night through the National Broadcasting Company's network. The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra in "The Tunes that made Broadway, Broadway."



Reach
for a
Lucky
instead
of a
sweet.

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MODERNISM

The quill-pen and the Mimeograph mark the extreme limits of that age-spanning progress which has to do with writing and its duplication. From one laborious copy in a long hour, to thousands of easily printed copies in every sixty-minutes of the working day, is a striking measure of civilization. No more outstanding illustration of what speed means in modern progress can be found—even though the Twentieth Century Limited and the oxcart be called into comparison. Speed—time-and-money-saving speed! Needed work, accurate work, super-excellent work, done with unmatched rapidity, is the Mimeograph's specialized task. Form letters—typewritten or handwritten—bulletins, questionnaires, factory and office forms, charts and maps, it duplicates at small cost, under private supervision, without the need of skilled help. Learn what it has done for others—and may do for you. A letter to the A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, will bring cheerful information.

M I M E O G R A P H





Life



8

VOLUME 93

February 22, 1929

NUMBER 2416

CLAIR MAXWELL, *President*
LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Vice-President*

Published by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 598 Madison Avenue, New York
CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *Chairman of the Board*

NORMAN ANTHONY, *Editor*
HENRY A. RICHTER, *Secretary-Treasurer*



REPORTER: What can I say about the wedding, Mr. Adam?
"Oh, just mention that the groom was dressed in the conventional blank."

Oh, Woodman!

A POPLAR tree with burnished leaves
That twinkled in the sun,
Stood tall and straight upon a hill,
With many another one.

The heart-shaped leaves with scalloped
rim
Each had a flattened stem,
So every lightest breath of air
In passing, fluttered them.

The trees are gone; the hill is bare
Except for ugly stumps;
They were destroyed that we may read
The annals of the Gumps.

E. S. V.

"For Crying Out Loud," explained the
talkie star as she displayed a fat pay
check.

IF THE TRUTH WERE TOLD

FOR RENT: Three rm. apt.; kitchenette,
bathette and alcovette.

The largest crowd in the world gath-
ered recently in Mexico City when the
Mexican Daughters of the Revolution
held a convention.



PROPRIETOR OF SPEAK-EASY: Come back in about an hour—we're being raided just now.



MR. NEWLYWED: I'm glad I learned to cook before I married!

TALKIE MOTTO: Lisp and let lisp.

Thus far, the messages from the Byrd expedition in the Antarctic have sounded exactly like all other messages from people away from home, except for one thing. Not once have they said, "Wish you were here."

In a speakeasy there's always rum for one more.

FIRST GOB: Listen, bo, I've got a six-inch chest expansion!

SECOND A. B.: Lissen, runt—that ain't nothin'. See that black spot on my chest? When I takes a breath, that's a four-masted schooner.

With H. L. Mencken the pen is mighty like the sword.



OLD FASHIONED YOUTH: Eunice, unworthy as I am, I have resolved to sue for your hand.
BUSINESS MAN'S DAUGHTER: All right, go ahead and sue!

Delayed Sailing

THE Seven Seas are calling me,
Their glamour is entralling me
And wanderlust is burning in my heart,
I'm very sick of tarrying
Where life is so unvarying
I long to drop my burdens and depart.

But, though I'm full of eagerness
I couldn't stand the meagerness
Of roving 'round the planet, gypsy-wise;
While tours the bureaus offer me
Do not appear to proffer me
The free-and-easy travel that I prize.

I long to put this life behind,
But I can't leave my wife behind
And both the children certainly should
go;
And other folks who fare about
I might not greatly care about
And thus I'd like to take a gang I
know.

The Seven Seas are luring me
And there's no hope of curing me
Until I've gone and visited the lot;
But as the circumstances are
I rather think the chances are
I'll have to wait until I own a yacht!

Berton Braley.

"I'm coming down with the flu,"
warned the house-wrecker's assistant, as he
started descending from the roof.

THE COMMUTER ADVERTISES HIS USED CAR

FOR SALE: 4-passenger tour,* in exc. cond.,† call Jamaica Station.°

*Stops to discharge passengers.

†Runs on Sundays and holidays only.

°Get key from station agent.

AVOWAL OF THE LOVELORN CONDUCTOR:
"Ticket from me, lady, I carfare you in a big way!"

"I understand that Sitting Bull was a weak character."

"Yeah, howzat?"

"Well, they say that he wouldn't stand up for his rites."

Our idea of an optimist is a fellow who buys a lifetime pen while living in Chicago.

Home brew isn't always what it's corked up to be.



"Come on now, Major—just a little picture of you—I'll pay for the shirt."

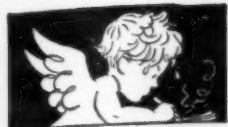
GARRET
PRICE

The old fashioned father seeing his daughter on a strange young man's lap, congratulates them on their engagement.



G.B. INWOOD

HUSBAND: Put that skirt back on! What you trying to do—attract attention?



Short Stories of Life



Little Fan-Tail, A Tragedy of the Tropics

By Heman Fay, Jr.



WE SAT on the dark verandah of Bumshaw's bungalow, listening to the sinister plop of alligators in the tropic blackness beyond.

"Filthy country!" Bumshaw remarked.

"Lousy," I agreed, taking a brandy struggle.

"The Tropics," Bumshaw murmured, "they get a man, Canthrop! The langorous nights, the brandy struggle, the fever, the native women...."

He pulled himself together with an audible swish.

"Hi—boy!" he called, in the native tongue, "*A wee dochc an doris!*"

Obediently, O'Kelly, his native servant, glided in bringing fresh liquor.... A tiger came around the end of the go-down and carried off a native woman.

"That sort of thing happens every night," Bumshaw told me. "Queer—the women don't seem to mind...."

"Women have no moral sense," I agreed.

Bumshaw mixed up a double whiskey snaffle; he pulled himself together, then let himself go again and I could hear buttons falling on the verandah.

"Did I ever tell you," he said at last, "why I stay in this Hell? It's an amusing tale. Ha-ha-ha!" He laughed terribly, swallowing brandy baggles with great rapidity. "I came out in '24 to take the place of poor old Pentwhistle who was

going Home. He was in bad shape; the Tropics, you know. They get a man, Canthrop—the fungus, the black goo of the marshes, the tsetse flies, the native women. They got poor old Pentwhistle.... He shot himself in the end.... Went into the go-down, taking an air-rifle and muttering something about a hippo that had been nosing about the notions counter. Filthy brutes, hippos. I, fool that I was, didn't follow him. I was new to the Tropics—I sat soaking in their poisonous lure: the hot darkness, the brandy sozzle, the bong-bong of the tom-toms, the native women—" Bumshaw swallowed a rum snuffle. "Next morning, Canthrop, a native woman told me Pentwhistle had shot himself. 'Sahib stick um gun in um ear,' she cooed, 'He fa-down and go BOOM!' Of course I knew right away what had happened.... Poor chap! I remember thinking he'd have made a fourth at bridge if we had had two other chaps; but there were no white men nearer than Bung-Tap, forty miles away, so of course—. But this native woman, Canthrop—she was beautiful! Pass me the gin woggle, there's a good chap. I called her Little Fan-Tail; if you'd seen the way she walked you'd have understood. She looked at me with her wonderful eyes; then she said, 'Sahib like um lil native gel?'... Canthrop, I hope you may never suffer as I did—my indigestion, you know—" He reached for a bottle

of usquebaugh (native liquor) and diluted it with a little kerosene. Bumshaw was disintegrating before my very eyes and I shuddered with pity; he had always sung such an appealing tenor.... Out in the fever-ridden swamp, a bull-elephant chirped....

"It was about that time," he continued, "that old Fatti-Tooma, chief of the Hill Tribes, ate the missionary—name was Jenkinson, frightfully snooty beggar. If a chap's a swine, Canthrop, it comes out, in the Tropics. The cruel sun, you know, the insects, the native women.... Pass me the rum fizzle, there's a good fellow. Well, old Fatti-Tooma took a liking to Jenkinson; said he was a nice chap, but a trifle stringy.... Well.... that's life.... out here in the Tropics...."

"What about Little Fan-Tail?" I asked.

Bumshaw regarded me dully.

"Oh, her...! Canthrop, that night she got a 'phone call from her aunt in Syracuse... she left me, Canthrop. I.... never saw.... Little Fan-Tail.... again...." He sobbed aloud. A cobra crawled out of his watch-pocket....

"That's the whole story," he muttered sadly, flinging aside the filthy brute, "The Tropics... get a man.... in the end....!"

He emptied all the bottles, mumbling: "I fa-down and go BOOM!"

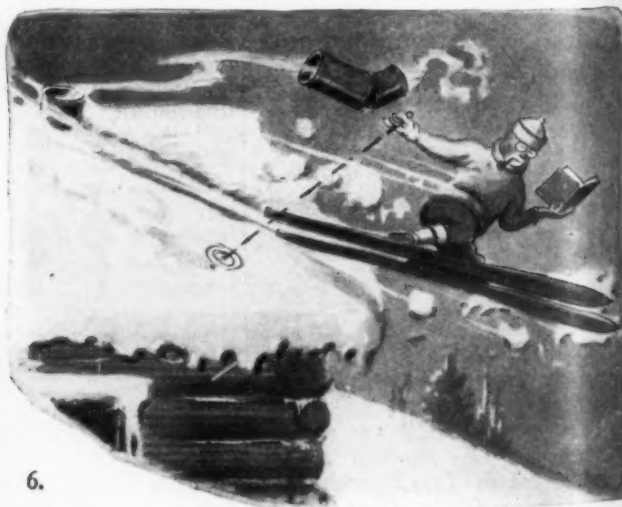
Somewhere in the thick tropic night a bull-alligator was whistling the chorus of "You're The Cream In My Coffee!"....



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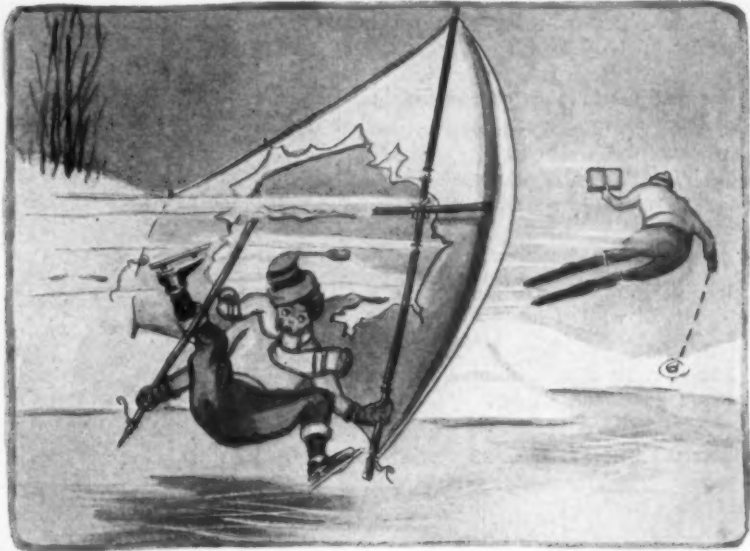
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A Short History of Automobiling

The Israelites seek for new parking space.

Phoenician sailors get at least five hundred miles to a galleon.

Jacob ascends on high.

Caesar crosses river by means of Fords.

Spanish Inquisition prison officials are all equipped with chains.

The Lucretia Borgia filling station dispenses a powerful mixture.

Queen Elizabeth considers getting an Essex.

Paul Revere goes by the lights.

Woman in Nyack, N. Y., puts out her hand when making a left-hand turn.

Parke Cummings.

Sayings of a tabloid reporter—"I used to be a newspaper man myself."

Give a business man enough rope and he'll be tied up at the office.



"You must sort of half close your eyes to see these art pictures."

Then there was the Scotch kid who shot his parents so he could go to the Orphan's picnic.



The former snake charmer who got a job as a window demonstrator.

Ballade of the Gentle Reader

I'm weary of all the crew
So praised for their "wonderful style";
Your self-made psychiatrist, too,
Provokes my ebullient bile;
I won't walk a fifth of a mile
For "Loves of the Ichthyosauri";
Creator of fiction worth while,
I want you to tell me a story.

Biographies touted as "true"
I'd sink in the mud of the Nile.
Grave-robbing Hyena, beshrew
Your novel on Thomas Carlyle!
These tales of neurotics are vile,
And "whimsies," the full repertory,
May sleep in the dingiest file.
I want you tell me a story.

With "slices of life" I am through,
And bid them goodbye with a smile;
To books with a purpose, adieu,
The devil may take the whole pile!
Were I on the loneliest isle,
Your chronicles dismal and gory
I'd feed to the first crocodile.
I want you to tell me a story.

L'ENVOI
Genius! I pray you, beguile
Our dreariness with color and glory;
Lend me your glamorous wile:
I want you to tell me a story!

Arthur Guiterman.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

by
Baird
Leonard

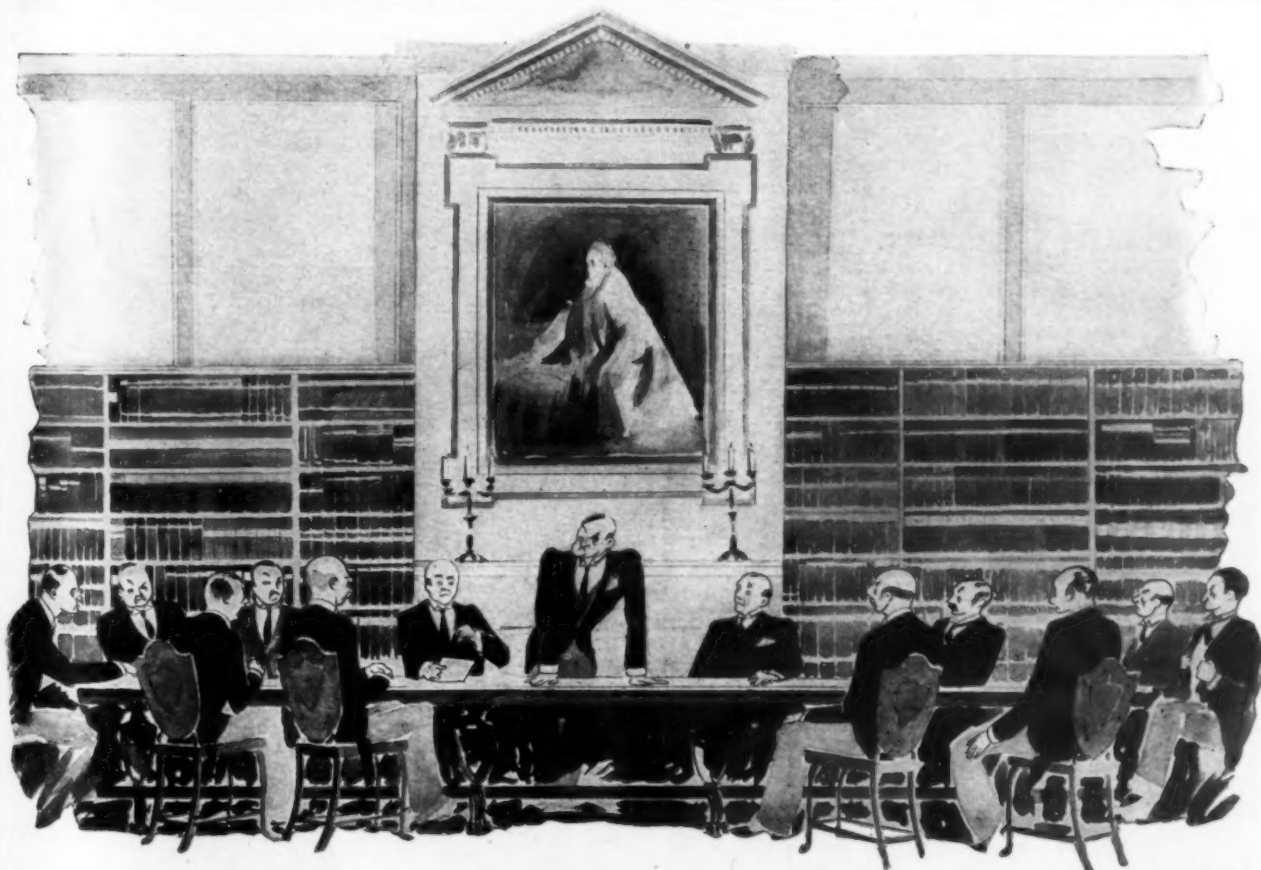
FEBRUARY 6.—This morning Samuel, who is reading "The Untold Story," did tell me that at last in Isadora Duncan he had found a woman more extravagant than I, so I did not deem it a suitable time to mention the Queen Anne table which I purchased yesterday, but merely remarked that I was obliged to grant something to Isadora for always being able, even when reduced to a crust of bread, to contrive a bottle of champagne with which to wash it down. To a great luncheon at Lydia Loomis's, where we talked of many things, in especial how some people with apartments on the East River will point out, after a cocktyle or two, that the view is like Venice, but I should indeed like to live there myself, for I shall never forget, when lunching at Miss Marbury's, the fascination of the boat stacks' lazing by outside the dining-room windows. Afterwards up town to get some of the

splendid new caviar which Effie Goings has discovered at half the price of Beluga, calling pleasantly to mind the card accompanying Agnes Smith's handsome Christmas present to me, "I am sending you this because nobody can possibly say, 'O drat it! I've got some caviar.'" Home betimes, reading in Alain-Fournier's "The Wanderer," one of the few books of our time certain of endurance, and then did on my new flat crepe evening dress which is so much longer behind than before that I feel swaybacked, and forth to dine at the Hemingways off clear soup, whitebait with oyster crabs, guinea hen, vegetables, salad, etc., and brave mountains of vanilla ice cream heaped with fresh strawberries, nor could I eat a bite of any of it, feeling squeamish in the stomach, but Sam, of course, did remark my ability to down two glasses of champagne. To cards afterwards, and with great good fortune through using the new Vanderbilt club convention, which, for the purpose of record is this: An original declarer with three quick tricks bids one club, regardless of his holding in that suit. If his partner has two quick tricks, he uses his

judgment as to his declaration. If he have not the two quick tricks, he bids one diamond, allowing the original bidder to take himself out if the opponents have not spoken.

FEBRUARY 7.—Breakfasted betimes on fruit compote covered with French dressing and a crumpet, and then had in my servant Florence, threatening her with legal proceedings if she ever again suspends a garment-hanger from the sconces by my bureau. To a public to meet Fifi Fidler, who had been seeing some people off for the Bahamas, and we did mark the futility of saying farewell to bon voyagers on either trains or boats, not only because of the waste of time and discomfort, but because of the vacuity of the conversation which inevitably prevails on both sides, and I did tell her how John Golden, the theatrical manager, obliged to see an English actor to his ship, had remarked, merely for conversation's sake, that he was reading a book called "The House of a Thousand Candles," whereto the Englishman had absently responded, "Dear me!

(Continued on page 28)



THE CHAIRMAN: Then it is decided, gentlemen, to use Lily cups at the office water cooler.



PROBABLY none of our younger bloods will regret the passing of the *Waldorf* Hotel; in fact, they probably didn't even know it was sick, yet these old eyes can look back at the time when *Peacock Alley* was considered very uptown... there was romance in those days, boys!... Modest young Junior Leaguers waited 'neath sheltering palms for their young Lochinvars out of West 23rd Street and when they went places and did things, it didn't cost a week's salary! (Voice from audience—"Now we know who Beau Jesté is! He's Harry Thaw!")

The Chesterfield... a speakeasy in the Fifties... no gentleman admitted unless accompanied by a lady... the proprietor, a gentleman of the old school who studies newcomers very carefully before allowing them within the sacred portals... he considers drinking an art and welcomes no one who does not share his views... amateurs, *nouveau souses* and college boys are barred... at the rear is a wine cellar with rows and rows of bottles and kegs where one may taste different brands be-

fore ordering... all of the wine is "home-made" but the old world atmosphere is there... the French custom of saucers for "checks" is used.

Best story of the week—the bird who ran out of money at a well-known supper club but wouldn't cash a check because he had heard so much about their practice of raising checks... so he goes back to his hotel, cashes a check and sends a taxi driver up with the money to pay the bill!

THINGS I REMEMBER — Watching *Max Schmeling* chop down *Risko* at the *Garden* (Private Prophecy—Max will be the next heavyweight champion of the world, including *Gene Joseph Tunney*)... two burly cops keeping a lone pedestrian from crossing the street (maybe they thought he was Rothstein's murderer)... the *Yale-Princeton* Indoor Polo game at *Squadron A Armory*... the taxi driver who offered me a drink of "good rye" (I took it!)... *Marjorie White* singing "Raise the Dust" in "Lady Fingers"... the oyster stew at the *Grand Central Sta-*

tion... *Greta Garbo* in "A Lady of Affairs"... that "Sing Boom," the song hit of "Lady Fingers," was the song hit of *Belle Baker's* show "Betsy" a couple of years ago... the credit line in the program of *Earl Carroll's "Fioretta"*... "Setting sexecuted by *Joseph Teichner*."

Our Own Blacklist... Half wits who say "I jaw down and go boom"... sister acts... toe dancers (except *Marilyn Miller*)... people who fall on your neck for the publicity they can get... the "aisle" actors on opening nights... spats... the *Happiness* boys... people who didn't like "This Year of Grace"...

Something is worrying me (hoarse cries of "Yes, Yes, go on!")... with all these celebrities receiving fabulous prices for recommending things I'm worried sick for fear that I won't get famous soon enough to get in on the easy money!

Beau Jesté





The Wisecracker



AUTOMOBILE OWNER: Say, wouldn't I like to take this baby up to a filling station and ask for free crank case service!

We have secretly hoped for some time now that either the Paramount or the Roxy theatre would be demolished or something so that we could use our nifty headline, "The Fall of the House of Usher."

"Is Jones an old-time New Yorker?"

"He sure is. Why he can remember when Walter Winchell was way up-town."

Once there was a movie actor who stuttered. He was starred in a slow motion talkie.

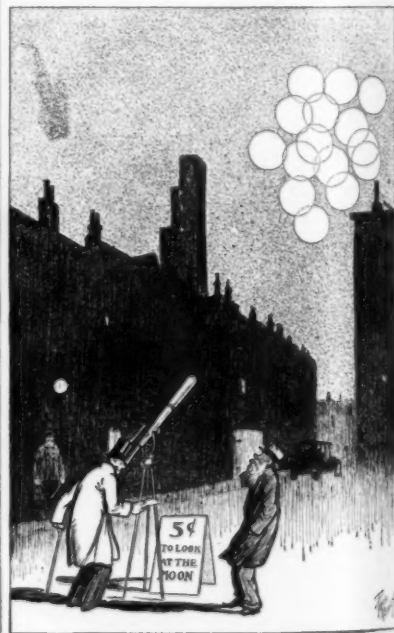
"I've decided to part my heir in the middle," said the ax fiend as he made a pass at his son.

It takes all kinds of people to make a chorus girl.

Keeping Up With Current Events

This is a true story. A certain Mr. John Doe, thinking he would like a motor car, went to the salesroom of the Priceless Eight and asked the bishop in attendance, "Is the new Priceless out yet?" "Not yet," was the reply, "The March issue won't be out until Thursday. We have the February number—" "No, I've seen that," said Mr. Doe, "Well, I guess—" "I'll tell you what," said the salesman, "Drop in Wednesday night and I'll let you have one." "Maybe," nodded Mr. Doe and went to the salon of the Pontifex Six. "Yes," a salesman replied to his question, "The first March issue is out—the Pontifex is a twice-a-month car now, you know—" "I wonder," mused Mr. Doe, thoughtfully, "Whether I'd better take this one or go and get the new Hiccupmobile?" "I'd advise this one," smiled the salesman. "The Hiccupmobile has become a weekly and they say its circulation has fallen off terribly... Why don't you take out a yearly subscription to the Pontifex Six? In that way you get all the new Pontifex models as they come out: twenty-four a year, besides special holiday issues... That's fine, Mr.—er—Doe?—sign right here on the dotted line!"

Sometimes a man is juggled by the company he keeps.



REVELLER: Here's a dollar, Old Timer—you're really not fair to yourself.

Life at Home



HOLLYWOOD, Cal.—A camera has been invented that is 150 times faster than the ordinary movie machine. *It will be used to record the married life of film stars.*

—

WASHINGTON—Miss Grace Abbott, Chief of the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor, gives statistics to prove that little boys do more stealing than little girls. *Yes, Miss Abbott, but who eggs on the little boys?*

—

INDIANAPOLIS—Marjory McDaniel, three months old, has been made a member of the local W. C. T. U. *That's right, ladies, catch them young—before they start thinking!*

—

NORTH WEYMOUTH, Mass. — Mr. Dam, of this city, sells clams. So he advertises himself as "Dam The Clam Man." *Wait till the Watch and Ward Society gets wind of this!*

—

CHICAGO—Prof. G. E. Starr of the University of Michigan announced to the Pickle Packers' Association that they have grown a pickle that is as shapely and beautiful as it is delicious. "Civilized Americans demand it," he said.

—

HOLLYWOOD, Cal. — In defending the talkies, Mr. Griffith claims they are in the same position the movies were twenty-odd years ago. "And look at what people said about the movies in 1905," he says. *Look at what people say about them now, as a matter of fact, Mr. Griffith.*

—

GILEAD, Ind.—A new Hawaiian instrument, the cocolele, has invaded the Middle West. It is similar to the ukelele, only deeper in tone. *There is no balm in Gilead!*

CHICAGO — Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes of the Methodist Episcopal Church would appeal to bootleggers through advertising to "stop such business for all time and give themselves to God." *That's what their customers do.*

—

ATLANTIC CITY—B. T. Parsons is suing for divorce. He complains that his wife persistently ate crackers in bed. He could have put up with that, but she always concluded the meal by hooting like an owl for an hour or two.

—

WATERLOO — Eighty-five years old, a practicing physician for sixty years and still active, is the record of Dr. Schuyler Lott of this town, the oldest practicing physician in the county. *He ought to be perfect by this time.*

—

DETROIT, Mich.—Jean Laussier, who dropped over Niagara Falls in a rubber ball last July Fourth, says he will jump off a new forty-six story building here for \$25,000. He would be equipped with a pair of wings of his own design. *Before the trick or after?*

—

CHICAGO—L. D. Gayton, Municipal Engineer, rose to remark at a public banquet, "We've got the biggest and best garbage plant in the world, and we're going to let the people know about it."

—

CAMP CURRY, Cal.—Bessie Wilson, Indian Squaw, was sentenced to jail, but she was too fat to go through the cell door. So they had to let her free.

—

NEW YORK—Charles de Temple likes to see movies but he hates to buy the tickets. So he put on a fireman's uniform and saw free shows every day for three weeks, before he was caught.

WORCESTER, Mass. — Mrs. Mae Chauncey, age 35, advertised for a hubby and got 500 replies. Unfortunately, the publicity also resurrected her husband who had deserted her years ago, and whom she thought dead. *So advertising doesn't always pay!*

—

NEW YORK—Dr. J. E. Harry, Professor of Languages in Sorbonne, lectured here on his studies in canine tongue. He claims no dog ever said "bow wow." It is anatomically impossible for a dog to utter the sound "B."

—

BARNEY, N. D.—H. W. Langseth's beard has reached the length of 17 feet, 2 inches, which it took 77 years to attain. He tucks most of it into a bag which he carries under a waistcoat when he goes out. "A beard is the sign of a leader," says Mr. Langseth.

—

WASHINGTON — Senator Pittman (Dem.) of Nevada is an ardent pen collector. His latest acquisition is the pen used by Vice-President Dawes to sign the Boulder dam bill. *He ought to get the pen into which they put the governor of Indiana.*

—

SMITH CENTER, Kan. — The local press reports that James Eller, at the age of 60, retains every one of his baby teeth. *Kansas dentists are bitterly denouncing him, no doubt.*

—

SABETHA — Mrs. Anna Schurter of Sabetha, who will be 101 years old her next birthday, recently used the telephone for the first time in her life. It gave her a "thrill," she said. *She must have gotten the right number.*

—

HIGH POINT, N. C.—N. E. Allred, 74, has not missed a single session of his Sunday-school in 48 years.



Mr. Pip
No. 3

The Old Gentleman Finds His Grand



Mr. Pipp

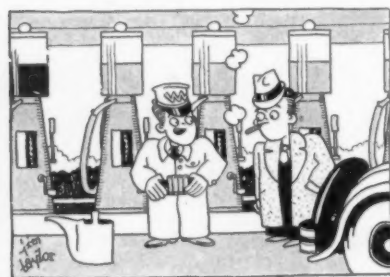
No 3

Is His Granddaughters Confidential.



CAMBRIDGE, England. — Cocktail drinking is a pernicious habit, especially for young people of either sex, according to Prof. W. E. Dixon of the university here.

"Young people drink cocktails partly to lose their shyness and partly in a spirit of bravado," says Dixon.



"Gimme five gallons of gasoline."
"Sorry, but we don't handle gasoline, Mister—we got Motoreze, Mile-a-min' High Test Speedit, Benzorolino, Green, Blue and Orange Roadzip, and Aviation Petrol. Which do you prefer?"

MOSCOW—Professional wrestling has been barred because the exhibitions "arouse wild instincts." Yeah, and singing "Faw Down and Go Boom" ought to be barred for the same reason.

LONDON.—The Conservatives cheered Premier Baldwin after his announcement that unemployment in England is decreasing. The Laborites asked him what his authority was, but the Premier refused to divulge any details. *Anyway, it was a good idea.*

ROME.—The Italian Government has just completed arrangements with their steamship lines whereby Italian citizens wishing to return home are offered a 50 per cent. reduction from the full fare. *If this idea should extend to Scotland we won't have a Scot in the country!*

MOSCOW.—The chief repertoire committee has rejected 393 American films, as unfit for Soviet citizens on account of their bourgeois ideology, adventure and mysticism.

STAMBOUL.—The Stamboul Musicians Union, bent on reforming the music of Turkey, has persuaded the municipality to suppress all musicians unless they hold certificates attesting their ability.

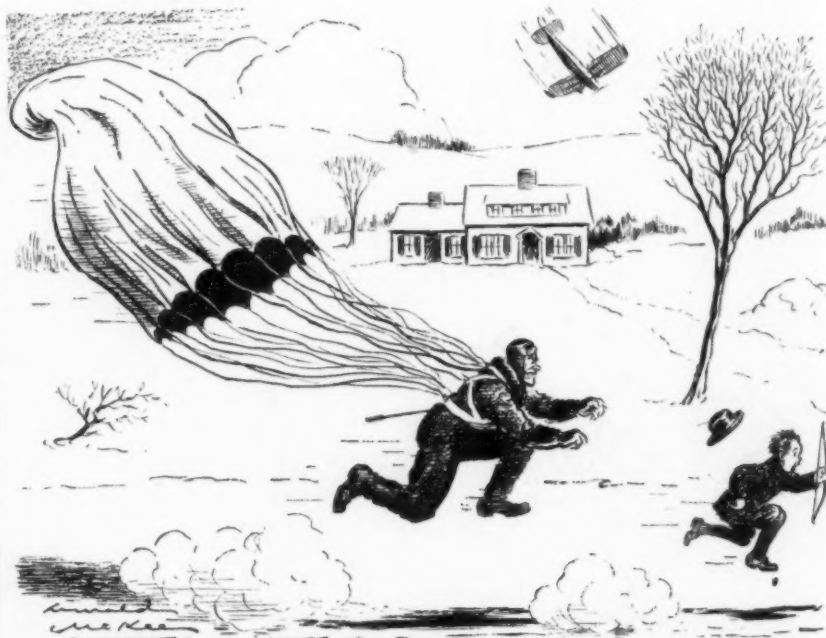
What to do with our saxophone players, send them to Turkey.

TECSOC, Poland—It is traditional here for a bride to kiss every guest at her wedding. There were 7,000 guests at the nuptials of a rabbi's daughter recently, and the bride kissed every one of them. The job took 4 hours.

MOSCOW.—A Mr. Schwartz of this city was recently arraigned in the Moscow High Court on a charge of "having abused his position as a member of the Communist party and therefore brought the Soviet government into contempt." He married several hundred wives in eighteen months. More than 150 of them agreed to give evidence against him.

ROME.—The National Confederation of Farmers has decided to nominate Premier Mussolini at the head of its list of candidates for the new Chamber of Deputies. *They'd better.*

LONDON.—Residents of New Conisborough, a mining village near Doncaster, could have saved a lot of money by not having locks put on doors when they built their homes. Every door lock in the village can be opened with one key.



"I shot an arrow into the air."

Even Break

"I'm sorry..."

That's all that you can say
in a perfunctory sort of way.
Well—no regrets can act as ointment
when once you've broken an appointment.
to turn on those Kleig-eyes, wide and
starry,
but don't say those hateful words:
"I'm sorry..."

you made a date with me just to
break it,
then, why on earth did you ever make
it?
or you, many pleasures I forsook—
could have stayed home and read a
good book.
but now that you've drawn and quar-
tered your quarry—
you cut me again with that phrase,
"I'm sorry..."

Well, I was a fool—and you were a
flirt—
of course, I was *terribly* hurt!
when you phoned me today—came a car-
diac quickening—
that sinking sensation!—I'll say it was
sickening...

Don't carry on so... Why, it's all
right, Florrie...
or I didn't show up there myself...
I'm sorry!
Max Lief.

IRATE DINER: Hey, waiter, there's an
L-Y in my alphabet soup!



Jim Tully has his own car designed, with chauffeur to match.



"Oh, I say there!"

TRAVELER'S CHECKS

1. Flat tire.
2. Burned bearings.
3. No gas.
4. Bridge out.
5. Detour.
6. Back seat dictation.
7. Traffic cops.
8. Thirty days for speeding.

MISTRESS: Clematis, I think I smell something burning downstairs. Did you remember to turn off the electric iron when you left the ironing-board, as I told you?

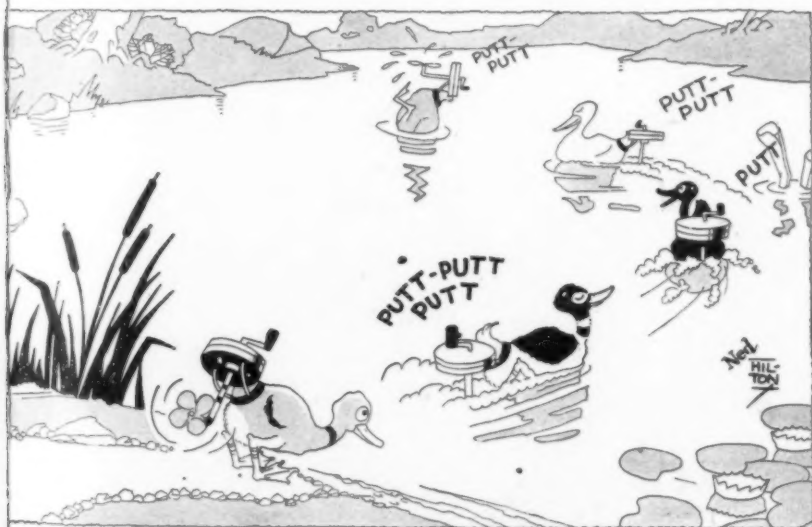
MAID (*newly arrived from the South*): Yes'm, I did. I mos' surely did. I pull dat chain once, lak you tol' me and den I pull it agin, to make sure.

THEN there was the booking agent who hired some Boy Scouts because he heard that they were supposed to do one good turn a day...

CUSTOMER (*to taxidermist*): Are you sure this owl is good value?

TAXIDERMIST: Yes, sir, that's the real pre-war stuff.

WE can't think of any greater menace to a community than a fog horn tender who whistled as he worked.

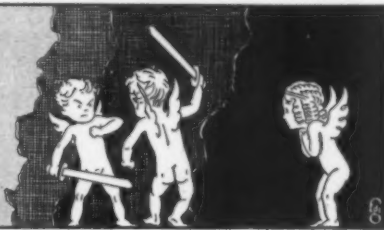


Down on Mr. Evinrude's farm.





Theatre



On Joshing the Past

By Robert Benchley

THERE is something about regimentation in kidding which reduces the kidders to figures of fun themselves. In other, but no better, words, mass sophistication ceases to be sophistication at all. This is probably due to the fact that, in a group of iconoclasts numbering over ten, possibly six are pretending.

By this time, you are doubtless quivering to know just what event in the current theatrical season has given rise to the preceding *obiter dicta*. We will therefore drop our impressive generalizations and say that we are getting pretty sick of hearing audiences jeer at the examples of Victorian drama which have been from time to time revived in our modern theatre. They have been revived for the express purpose of furnishing jeering material and the audience has gone for the express purpose of laughing itself to death, and usually it is the play which comes through with the most to its credit.

We do not mean to decry the genial purpose of Messrs. Morley, Throckmorton, Milliken and Gribble in reviving Dion Boucicault's "After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife nor Widow." All of these gentlemen have a genuine interest in the theatre and might very well have dug this piece out in the interests of comparative dramatic literature. Neither can any fault be found with its performance in the old Rialto Theatre of Hoboken (now the mecca of theatre-parties from New York who like German cooking and its attendant arts). The thing is done with all the reverence in the world and there is no suggestion of joshing among the actors.

It is the audiences themselves who spoil it by their determination to show that they know how old-fashioned and funny it is.

THE SAME raucous demonstration took place on the opening night of "The Parson's Bride," performed at the Belmont Theatre by a company of real show-boat actors. At succeeding performances the

ulous than the works of Mr. Boucicault and the anonymous author of "The Parson's Bride."

THE PRINCESS SHOWBOAT COMPANY was brought into New York frankly as a promotion scheme for a motion-picture which is in the offing, but it was composed of real show-boat actors and its repertory was made up of real show-boat dramas, including, besides "The Parson's Bride," "Triss, or the Shadow of the Rockies" and "My Jim, or the Stroke of Twelve." The hand-bills described them as "plays without a single blush or an offending remark," which, for some reason or other, was considered a highly amusing claim. Its leader, Mr. Norman F. Thom, modestly announced himself as "the John Drew of the River" and no doubt is.

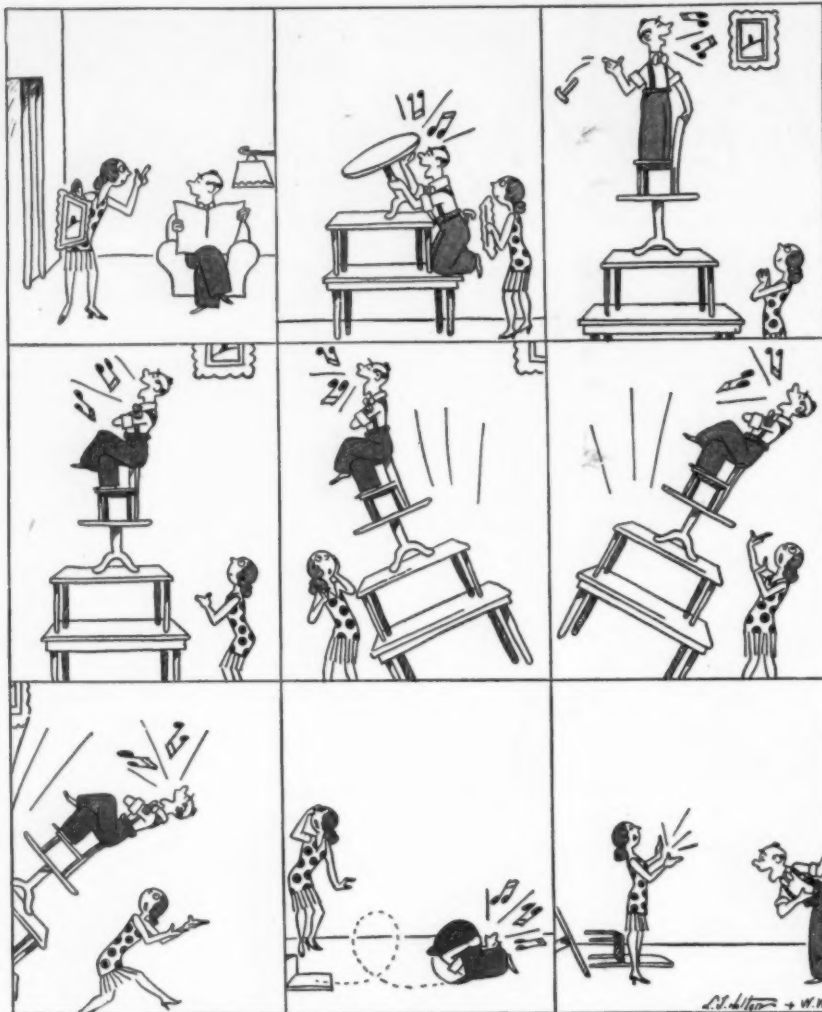
If we are going to laugh at stage-asides in "After Dark" and "My Jim," we ought really to laugh at the stage-asides in "Strange Interlude," for they are not one bit less preposterous. If we are going to poke fun at *Marian Decoursey's* renunciation of her lover, we must poke fun at Katharine Cornell's equally theatrical action in "The Age of Innocence." When we are thrown into spasms of laughter at the old-fashioned acting displayed by characters who utter the same ejaculation in unison, let us not forget the children in Miss Barrymore's "The Kingdom of God," who deliver their spontaneous babblings with the prearranged unanimity of a school cheering-section. In short, if we are going to laugh at all at oddities and unrealities in the theatre, let us laugh at our own, and, by so doing, beat the smart audiences of 1980 to it.



actors, relieved of the necessity of amusing a houseful of wise boys and girls, played the thing with all the seriousness of which they were capable (and that is pretty seriously), but on the opening night, in self-defense, they *had* to kid the rôles which they had all their lives been enacting for river audiences with all the genuine gusto of so many Walter Hampdens.

The spectators at these revivals, in order to qualify for membership in the little band of sophisticates (now numbering some fifteen million) who know that the primary virtues are tawdry tosh, give themselves over to an orgy of organized stamping, cheering, hissing and other forms of mock hilarity (no one could really be as tickled as they pretend to be) and, in general behave themselves as if they, and not the actors, were being paid to keep the performance going. Some one ought to tell them that laughing at old-fashioned drama went out of style some five or ten years ago. If they want to jeer, there is plenty in our modern theatre to jeer at and plenty that is no less ridic-





OFF STAGE WITH FAMOUS VAUDEVILLIANS.
The equilibrist hangs a picture.

HAVING FINE TIME

The Postcard Traveler died. He had no more than reached his destination when he approached the manager.

"Where can I buy a card," he asked, "to tell my friends that I wish they were here too?"

"Nowhere," grinned Satan; "That's the hell of it."

Then there was the Broadway racketeer who was so mentally cramped that he thought a ruble was a Russian hayseed.

NEW SOB SONG: *I was only the village blacksmith, and she left me because I was shoddy!*



"Take a letter to my wife. Er, er-er, no—better make it a check."

Little Rambles with Serious Thinkers

WHEN the heart gives out it is impossible to get another one. *Dr. Morris Fishbein.*

National prohibition is an expression of the moral sentiment of the American people, a sentiment inseparable from the progressive civilization of America. It is forever anchored in the heart and purpose of Almighty God.

Senator Sheppard of Texas.

The Millenium is a long way off. Most Christians now believe that.

Bruce Barton.

A woman is what the bee lights on. She gets stung.

Clarence Budington Kelland.

One love affair at a time is, of course, quite enough.

Beatrice Fairfax.

America need have no fears about me.

Benito Mussolini.

Very few women know anything about food.

Beverley Nichols.

I got a text for a sermon on God's photograph when I saw in a newspaper a sketch of Maggie and Jiggs.

Uldine Utley.

Glands account for genius or lack of it.

Arthur Brisbane.

Things, after all, are relative.

G. D. Eaton.

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SHOCK ABSORBERS

Life's Confidential Guide



More or Less Serious

The Age of Innocence. *Empire*—Katharine Cornell making a dull play at least spectacular.

Brothers. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Two brothers who look so much alike that they are both Bert Lytell. One of them takes dope!

Congai. *Sam H. Harris*—Life in Indo-China if you happen to be out of luck, as Helen Menken was. Very vivid.

Cyrano. *Hampden's*—If Walter Hampden is wise, he will keep on doing this, and if you are wise you will see it.

Dynamo. *Martin Beck*—The theatre Guild's new O'Neill venture. To be reviewed later.

Gypsy. *Klaw*—Claiborne Foster in a little tragedy of easy love containing one or two fine scenes.

Hedda Gabler. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Blanche Yurka following her "Wild Duck" success with more Ibsen.

Jealousy. *Maxine Elliott*—Fay Bainter and John Halliday bickering long and convincingly enough to carry a whole play.

Judas. *Longacre*—This can't still be running.

The Kingdom of God. *Ethel Barrymore*—Miss Barrymore in one act (the last) of showing what she can do.

Mima. *Belasco*—This cost somebody a lot of money, presumably Mr. Belasco, with a big machine as its chief result. Lenore Ulric and Sidney Blackmer do what acting there is.

One Way Street. *Republic*—Melodrama such as it is.

Strange Interlude. *John Golden*—Probably the better of two O'Neill plays in town. Certainly the longer.

Street Scene. *Playhouse*—One you must see, even if you are one of those who are depressed by "reality."

The Subway. *Masque*—To be reviewed later.

Zeppelin. *National*—Considerable excitement a mile up in the air.

Comedy and Things Like That

All the King's Men. *Fulton*—A play by Fulton Oursler, with Grant Mitchell, Mayo Methot and others. To be reviewed later.

Caprice. *Guild*—You won't see any nicer acting in town than this of Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

Courage. *Ritz*—A mother with too many stage-children. Janet Beecher as the mother.

The Front Page. *Times Square*—Rough-house comedy melodrama which ought to furnish a good evening.

Holiday. *Plymouth*—Either the public likes good smart dialogue or this isn't good smart dialogue. Anyway it is a success, which almost puts it in a class by itself this season.

Hot Water. *Lucille La Verne*—Very tepid.

Let Us Be Gay. *Little*—A comedy by Rachel Crothers with Francine Larrimore, Louis Calhern, Charlotte Granville and others. To be reviewed later.

Little Accident. *Ambassador*—In spite of dealing with bastardy in one of its nicer forms, this will not offend and is very funny in spots. Thomas Mitchell and Katharine Alexander head the cast.

The Marriage Bed. *Booth*—Allan Dinehart, Ann Davis and others in a satisfactory, if not highly original treatment of that old triangle.

Merry Andrew. *Henry Miller's*—A nice little comedy about a druggist who wanted to play, Walter Connelly as the druggist.

A Most Immoral Lady. *Cort*—Alice Brady at one of her many bests.

Paria. *Music Box*—Conventional farce made unconventional by Irene Bordoni and some good tunes.

The Perfect Alibi. *Charles Hopkins*—A murder mystery which amuses, instructs and does nobody any harm.

Poppa. *Hudson*—Good sentimental Jewish fare.

Precious. *Royale*—Not one of the outstanding comedies of the year.

Serena Blandish. *Morocco*—Fantastic sophistication which has very high, and very moderate, spots. Ruth Gordon and an excellent cast (including A. E. Matthews and Constance Collier) help tremendously.

Skidding. *Bayes*—Not interested.

That Ferguson Family. *Bijou*—Very mild.

The Yellow Jacket. *Coburn*—The Coburns at home.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Animal Crackers. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Several Marxes at play, much to the general amusement.

Blackbirds of 1928. *Eltinge*—When this started

last Spring no one knew that it was going to be the best show in town.

Boom! Boom! *Casino*—With Frank McIntyre, Jeannette MacDonald, Stanley Ridges and others. To be reviewed later.

Fioretta. *Earl Carroll*—With Leon Errol, Fannie Brice, Lionel Atwill and others. To be reviewed later.

Follow Thru. *Forty-Sixth St.*—A smash hit to follow "Good News," with Irene Delroy, Jack Haley, Zelma O'Neal and others. Swell tunes.

Good Boy. *Hammerstein's*—Still a good show. Helen Kane, Charles Butterworth and others.

Hello, Daddy! *Cohan*—Lew Fields with some good tunes added to his old "High Cost of Loving" and assistance from George Hassell, Betty Starbuck and Billy Taylor.

Hold Everything. *Broadhurst*—Good music, comical sayings and excellent dancing, by Ona Munson, Victor Moore, Bert Lahr and Jack Whiting.

The Houseboat on the Styx. *Liberty*—Blanche Ring and Jack Hazzard should have had something a little more momentous to bring them back.

Lady Fingers. *Vanderbilt*—With Eddie Buzzell-Louise Brown, Gertrude MacDonald and others. To be reviewed later.

Ned Wayburn's Gamble. *Knickerbocker*—This would have been hot stuff fifteen years ago.

The New Moon. *Imperial*—A very nice show, with Evelyn Herbert, Gus Shy and Robert Halliday.

The Red Robe. *Shubert*—For those who long for the good old days of real comic opera. Walter Woolf, Helen Gilliland, Jose Ruben and others.

Show Boat. *Ziegfeld*—You tell us.

This Year of Grace. *Selwyn*—Beatrice Lillie and Noel Coward in a revue which has everything except wasted money.

Three Cheers. *Globe*—Will Rogers.

Whoopie. *New Amsterdam*—Eddie Cantor making lots of people laugh very hard—and why not?

Repertory and Laboratory

Civic Repertory. *Fourteenth St.*—Eva Le Gallienne making a success out of good plays at small cost. We recommend: "The Cherry Orchard," "Cradle Song," "L'Invitation au Voyage," "Peter Pan."

S. S. Glencairn. *Provincetown*—Four one-act plays of the sea by Eugene O'Neill.



WORRIED HOSTESS: Oh, Mr. Brown, I'm somewhat short of gentlemen. Do you mind taking half a dozen ladies in to supper?

Humorist.



THE MOVIES

by
Harry Evans
If you are in New York and want to know where pictures recommended by this department are showing, call Plaza 9842 before 5:30 P. M. Calls on Saturday should be made before noon.

"A Woman of Affairs"

The fact that John Gilbert and Greta Garbo appear in "A Woman of Affairs" is sufficient to guarantee the patronage of the average movie fan, but in case you are one of the rare species who consider but few pictures worth the price of an evening, this should be one of them.

Clarence Brown directed this excellent flicker, and his work shows a return of the characteristic sympathy and genius which he lost temporarily along "The Trail of '98." A minor fault in "A Woman of Affairs" is an overabundance of those dizzy "truck shots" during which the camera is wheeled from backstage to a closeup. Clarence seems to have a yen for these.

The screen story is based on Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat," but you mustn't repeat it or Will Hays might get wise. Many moons ago the Arlen novel was presented for judgment before that chosen group of censors who protect what they are pleased to call our *common sense of decency*. The verdict was a chorus of well-modulated "Nays" (to rhyme with Hays), and the tears meandered freely down Mr. Arlen's famous nose. However, a scenario can get its morals lifted at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer laboratories while you wait, and so, by the simple process of changing a few names and substituting a more genteel social error for the one involved in the plot, "A Woman of Affairs" was born—without offense to the practical conscience of Mr. Hays, and to the glorification of the American screen.

Subtitles meticulously avoid any mention of a "green hat," but Miss Garbo affects a becoming sports bonnet throughout the picture, and in the last scene this hat is held meaningfully before the camera and the audience whispers knowingly. To avoid any chance whatsoever of deceiving those who read the book, there is a closeup of the *Hispano Suiza* trademark on the motor of the car which Miss Garbo drives.

The story of "The Green Hat" is based on the gallantry of a lady—a gallantry which is surely not consistent with the fitness and fairness of things as most of us view it. The success of the picture de-

(Continued on page 29)

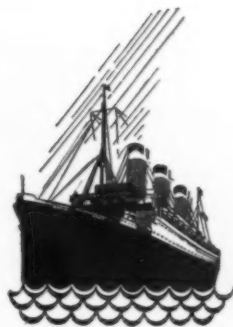


Social Hall
S.S. LEVIATHAN

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MOST Americans recognize "a good buy." Those who economize as a matter of habit, as well as the ones who could disregard cost—they buy carefully, seriously. They all demand *value*.

That's why you find so many Americans going to Europe on their own American ships. They recognize *value*. They want atmosphere, of course. But essential comfort must be there first of all: unquestioned cleanliness; honest Yankee treatment; real service; and the highest standards of living in the world, because Americans are used to them in their own country. They find these stand-



ards on American ships. And in addition, an atmosphere of luxury and refinement that is unsurpassed on any ocean liner.

For those who want a speedy crossing, at low winter rates, there's the *Leviathan*, the world's largest ship; six days and you're over there. If you prefer a day or two longer at sea, your steamship agent will gladly recommend one of the delightful cabin ships, the *George Washington*, *America*, *Republic*, *President Harding*, or *President Roosevelt*. Many of the travel-wise sail second class, or tourist third cabin, for even greater economy. That's why they *are* travel-wise.

AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

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WIFE OF PROLIFIC AUTHOR: Here's a review of your latest, dear.
 PROLIFIC AUTHOR: Yes. The fellow says it's the second time I've written it. Now I come to think of it, I believe he's right.
 —Punch (by permission).

"Do we want to live long?" asks a scientist. Honest people do, of course, for the sake of keeping up the instalments on the car.—London Calling.

SOCIAL NOVICE: What do you do when you get something ending with "R. S. V. P."?

WIRELESS ENTHUSIAST: Don't let them fool you. There isn't any such station.
 —Pearson's.

Many film stars at Hollywood are suffering from heavy colds. I understand that a Talkie was ruined by one character saying "Cabe the dawb!"
 —Passing Show.



FATHER (voice from upstairs): Isn't that young man gone yet?
 DAUGHTER: Yes, father, completely.

—Everybody's Weekly.



"I'll tell you what, Muriel, I'll have six whacks at mine, then you have six whacks at yours."
 —London Calling.

MUSICAL ASPIRANT: Professor, do you think I'll ever be able to do anything with my voice?

THE EXPERT: Well, it might come in handy in case of shipwreck.—Answers.

"Oh, sir," stammered a young man from Anthony recently to the father of a girl of the town. "I—er. That is, I—er, I would like to—. I mean I have—. Well, I've been going with your daughter for five years now."

"Yes," cut in the old parent, cross at having his reading interrupted. "Well, what do you want—a pension?"

—Wichita Eagle.

He who marries in haste has no leisure.—Everybody's Weekly.

It is Madeline Cameron's contribution, and deals with the linotyper on a newspaper who made an appropriate error while setting a story about a man who was seeking a divorce. The line read: "And the plaintiff asked the court for a change of Venus."

—New York Evening Graphic.

HOLLYWOOD MOTTO: The first hundred years are the hardest.

—New York Graphic.

Overheard from a steamer chair:

LADY (rather enthusiastically): I hear Adolphe Menjou is among the passengers.

GENTLEMAN (rather bored): Yeah! What am I supposed to do—run a temperature?—O. O. McIntyre in the New York American.



Drawn by George Whitman.

BOOKKEEPER (*hopefully to employer*): Pardon me, sir, but this month I commence my fifteenth year of service with you.
EMPLOYER: All right, I pardon you.

—Passing Show.

"An intoxicated fish is most unlikely," says a writer. It is certainly unusual for an angler to see a salmon-trout floating down-stream clinging to a twig and singing "Ole Man River."—*Punch*.

LADY VISITOR (*at the jail*): Do you want some magazines?

HARDENED CROOK: No. I can't understand the stories. They're all written in this crook jargon.—*Detroit News*.

Glass Ginger Ale with tabespoonful Abbott's Bitters delightful tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

MRS. YOUNGBRIDE: I'm going to cook dinner today myself. What would you like, dear?

HUBBY: Er—crackers and cheese, I guess.—*The Pathfinder*.

"The Singing Fool" is described as the best talkie. But to some women it's just their husband taking a bath.

—*Everybody's Weekly*.

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Danger lurks behind white teeth NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

*the disease-of-neglect ignores teeth, attacks
gums and claims 4 out of 5 as its victims

WHITE teeth are attractive. Their soundness contributes to the preservation of good health. But teeth are only as healthy as the gums. And however white they may be, danger lurks behind them.

For certain prevalent diseases of neglect ignore teeth and attack the gums. And when once contracted only expert dental treatment can stem their advance. Too many of us disregard this threat. And as the penalty for neglect, 4 persons out of 5

after forty and thousands younger sacrifice health.

But these odds are unfair, deceiving. Just follow this regime: See your dentist at least once every six months. And when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously, but use the dentifrice made for the purpose . . . Forhan's for the Gums. This dentifrice helps to firm gums and keep them sound. Thus it fortifies teeth and health. As you know, Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

In addition, the way in which Forhan's cleans teeth and helps to protect them from decay will delight you.

Start using Forhan's regularly, every morning and every night. Teach your children this good habit. They'll thank you in the years to come. Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist. Two sizes, 35c and 60c.

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Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice . . . a week—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

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They taste just like they did 20 years ago.

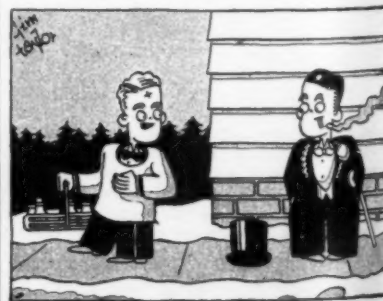


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(Continued from page 11)

That's a good many, isn't it?" All the afternoon at my belated correspondence, writing at such length to our cozens in England that I did mark the envelope "Personal and Very Interesting" forasmuch as they are inclined not to look at their mail unless their attention is directly called to it by one of the household. Jane Bausman and Douglas Parmentier to dinner, and Jane and I fell at once to jabbering over our gowns and the scandalous prices we were obliged to lay out for them, until I bethought myself and turned to Douglas with the apology that such a topic could not be of much import to the gentlemen, and he told me that he had far liefer hear women talk about their clothes than about the stock market, which of late does appear to be their only topic. To the playhouse, thence home, and before turning out my bedlight, fell a-reading in "Behind That Curtain," so

engrossed that when my left eye began to smart and stream, I bandaged it up and went on with only my right, my appearance giving Sam, when he came in, the scare of his life.



"Let's start a Fire Prevention Company."
"Suppose there aren't enough fires to prevent."
"Then, we'll set some."

The Movies

(Continued from page 25)

depends on Miss Garbo's ability to make this gallantry believable, and she does it as superbly as Katherine Cornell did on the stage.

Miss Garbo wears sports clothes in the picture, and plays the outdoor type with a virility which may prove embarrassing to certain alleged motion picture experts. These experts have been passing out confidential information that Greta is anaemic, and that the languid Garbo style of conquest is not repressed fire but actual lack of animation. Because of this, they continue, Miss Garbo must be kept wrapped in flimsy, tulleish white stuff, and photographed under a soft aura of light. Otherwise the truth will out, and male movie fans will realize that their high blood pressure has been created under false pretenses. Well, if Greta Garbo is anaemic, Gertrude Ederle uses water-wings, and Peggy Hopkins Joyce does it with mirrors.

A story dealing with gallantry and the business of being a good loser is duck soup for John Gilbert—if he can be gallant and do the losing. But in this one the lady is the good sport, and, frankly, John is forced into the background. Mr. Gilbert hasn't a chance to do his best, and the producers apparently use him for the purpose of enlarging the box office returns—and not his reputation.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., offers a performance which I think will be as much of a revelation to you as it was to me. He has never done anything in the past which approaches it.

Lewis Stone, Dorothy Sebastian, Hobart Bosworth and John Mack Brown complete a cast of unusual excellence. I would suggest, however, that Johnny Mack give up rowing and stick to football.

There is an amusing incident concerning the musical synchronization. While the doctor is telling the heroine of her brother's death, the orchestra is playing, "He kissed—He kissed—He kissed her" . . . but only a crabby critic would notice this—and you are probably too young to remember the words and music.

Greta Garbo has returned to Sweden, and there is a rumor that she may remain there permanently. I am considering cir-

(Continued on next page)



DECIDE TO BUILD THIS CHARMING SUMMER HOME, AND PRESTO!

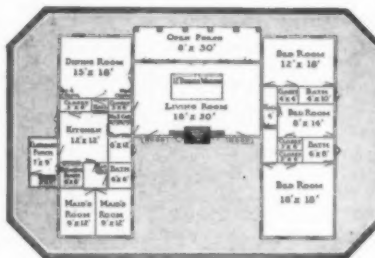
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Everyone who has considered a summer home has imagined some sort of plan and arrangement. Years of Hodgson experience have developed enough variety of plan to suit every need and wish. Whether you want a simple bungalow for a hunting or fishing lodge, or a large home with servants' quarters, two baths, spacious living-room and



sun-parlor—you'll find a plan in the Hodgson booklet that fits your mental picture. And if you want to enlarge your home later, you can do it easily without spoiling the arrangement.

Hodgson Houses everywhere have been tested for decades, and the wildest storms have left them unshaken and serene. You'll have no repairs for years. Selected Douglas fir and weather-proof cedar are used in the construction. Walls and roof are lined with Celotex—one of the best insulating materials known. Details are carefully handled—spacious closets, glass door-knobs, solid brass hardware. Everything about it is complete. You'll be mighty proud of its beauty, and certainly quite comfortable in its generous rooms.

Send for free booklet L today. You obligate yourself to nothing but the joy of finding how reasonable, after all, is your dream of a lovely vacation home to live in this summer. The booklet gives pictures, prices and complete information about Hodgson Houses of every kind. And, if you can, come and see our outdoor exhibits at Dover and South Sudbury, Mass. E. F. Hodgson Co., 1108 Commonwealth Ave., Boston; 6 East 39th St., New York. Branch office at Bradenton, Florida.

We will be glad to help you furnish your Hodgson House. The booklet also pictures and prices furnishings, garages, bird houses, dog kennels, arbors, poultry-houses, etc.



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He must have arrived on the Zep."

"No, dear, he did not—

But he chews quite a lot

Of TEABERRY GUM...watch him step!"



WIN \$25 You can get from any CLARK'S Chewing Gum Dealer FREE "Tantalizing Teaberry" blanks, each containing a "TANTALIZING TEABERRY" with the last line missing. Fill in that missing line! Mail us the blank. We will pay \$25 for each last line that we publish. If a

winning last line is duplicated, each person submitting the duplicated line will be paid \$25. All entries must be mailed on or before the date indicated on the blank. Get your "Tantalizing Teaberry" blank today! Try CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM for "last-line" inspiration.

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MEMORIES


[Orders issued at Fort Riley, Kansas,
October 25, 1842, reprinted in
Saber and Spur]

1. Members of this command will, when shooting at buffaloes on the parade ground, be careful not to fire in the direction of the C. O.'s quarters.

2. The troop officer having the best trained remount for this year will be awarded one barrel of rye whiskey.

3. Officers will discontinue the practice of roping and riding buffaloes.

4. Attention of all officers is invited to Par. 107 A. R. in which it provides under uniform regulations that all officers will wear beards.—*The New Yorker*.



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Life—2-22-29

The Movies

(Continued from page 29)

culating a petition begging her not to desert us, and I think you will want to sign it after seeing "A Woman of Affairs."

"The Sins of the Father"

THE more I see of Emil Jannings, the more I am convinced that he is the greatest actor on the screen. His work in "The Sins of the Father" is constantly entertaining, and I recommend it without reservation.

Mr. Jannings again demonstrates his ability to handle the heaviest kind of sentiment without ever allowing it to drip over and become mush. When he cries he makes you feel that tears are the appropriate thing, and you even forgive him when he kisses his grown son twice in the same scene. Mr. Jannings balances pathos with a subtle appreciation of humor which makes you giggle instinctively. In other words he leads you into every mood of the character he portrays, and that, folks, is art.

The yarn goes like this:

Jannings is a German waiter who becomes the owner of a flourishing beer garden. Prohibition comes along, and he is persuaded to enter the bootlegging field. Again success, and he is soon one of the biggest distributors in the racket. His son, who is the light of his life, comes home from college on vacation, drinks some of his dad's booze in a whoopee parlor, and goes blind. Shortly afterward, Jannings is arrested, convicted and sent to prison. He promises his son-in-law to keep away from the family after he is released, but there is a chance meeting (very well done) and everything ends happily.

The theme should be well received generally. Nobody is in favor of bad liquor.

Ruth Chatterton is convincing as an east side hussy who marries Jannings after the death of his first wife and leads him into most of his trouble. No less effective is Zasu Pitts, who gives a fine performance as the first wife who works herself to death helping her husband to success.

The son is played by Barry Norton, a young man who, heretofore, has contributed nothing more to the screen than a beautiful face. In this picture he flares up and does some real acting.

The picture is intelligently directed by Ludwig Berger who even remembers to have a spot left on the wall where a picture was hung. You will probably remark on this when you see it.

Don't miss "The Sins of the Father."

Recommended

A Woman of Affairs, Metro-Goldwyn; The Sins of the Father, Paramount; The Shopworn Angel, Paramount; The Viking, Metro-Goldwyn; The Barker, First National; The Patriot, Paramount; The Singing Fool, Warner Bros.; Our Dancing Daughters, Metro-Goldwyn; Interference, Paramount; Marching On, Fox; Show People, Metro-Goldwyn; Homecoming, U. F. A.; On Trial, Warner Bros.; Alias Jimmy Valentine, Metro-Goldwyn; The Woman Disputed, United Artists; Killing the Killer, U. F. A.

"FATHER do BE yourself."



Don't get peeved if the family appropriates your favorite Christmas present; get another Lamp-o-Lighter for your own use. In many homes you now find a Lamp-o-Lighter in every room.

Lamp-o-Lighter is the newest electric cigarette, pipe and cigar lighter with a quick light and long life. One button lights the lighter and another turns the lamp on or off. Convenient and colorful.

As easy to install as a new bulb. Comes in red, green, blue, black and combinations of red and black and green and black, to harmonize with the color scheme of any room.

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The New Books

by
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The books we settle down to read with secret delight can be divided into three classes: (1) the true detective story, which is not to be confused with (2) the mystery story, or (3) the horror tale. Sometimes they blend one into the other, but the best of them are of pure strain.

THE CASE WITH NINE SOLUTIONS (*Little, Brown*), by J. J. Connington, is the sort of detective story you hope for when you read the ordinary poor-trite trash. Not since Poe and Doyle has an author done so well by his clues and his readers.

The bodies are discovered early in the book. Was it murder, or suicide, or both? There are nine possible solutions, and, one by one, they are eliminated until the inevitable is reached. The detectives in the book do exactly the right things. Step by step, you follow them in their deductions, for the book is absolutely fair with the reader. There are no unknown enemies or unsuspected friends palmed off in the last chapter.

THE HAVERING PLOT (*Harpers*), by Richard Keverne, is the new Harper Sealed Mystery: If you can stop at page 254, your money will be refunded. There is a better chance of your buying another copy for your rich uncle.

The yarn concerns a new airplane which can rise straight up (such a plane really exists, by the way). A group of international troublemakers seeks to steal the plans, and the retired head of the British Intelligence is called in to prevent it.

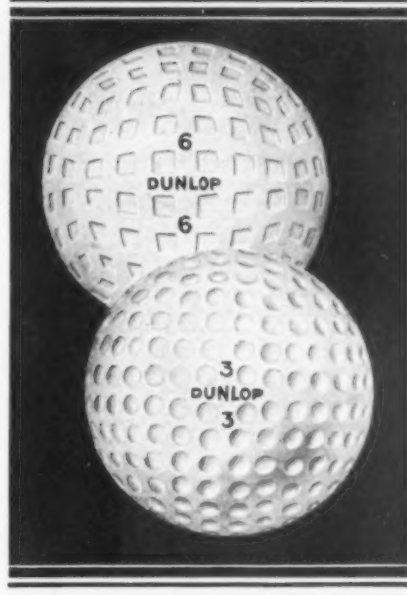
It is all more plausible than you might think, a genuine mystery, with spies and counter-spies so cunningly interwoven that you scarcely know whom to trust. And it has a large quantity of that element so essential to a good mystery—suspense.

THE HOUSE THAT WHISPERED (*Dutton*), by Samuel Emery, is so well written that it maintains a fine flavor of horror all the way through.

Set in a deserted New England farm house, it has the conventional trappings of the ordinary tale. But its characters are so reasonably real that the feeling of horror is increased. Ghostly happenings become all the more ghostly when the characters voice the common-sense objections... and the walls continue to whisper.

I hope you have a pleasant evening with your chills and gooseflesh.

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<input type="checkbox"/> Mt. Baker National Forest	90.30
<input type="checkbox"/> Burlington Escorted Tours (all expense)	\$140.04 to 239.51
<input type="checkbox"/> Canadian Northwest	90.30

The "North Coast Limited"
• Is the Train West! 216



PRIVATE

DEAR LIFE:

On my return from Europe I saw a copy of LIFE. May I tell you confidentially it has a new "feel"—a sparkle.

O. O. McINTYRE.

DEAR LIFE:

The attached clipping was taken from the *Help Wanted-Male* column of the *New Haven Evening Register* of January 7th.

On page ten of this week's LIFE is printed "Positively the last Ford joke."

Have you space for another Ford joke?

AUTOMOBILE mechanic wanted. Must have experience on all kinds of cars and also Fords. Apply at 282 Elm St.

Very truly yours,
C. E. Ford.

LIFE,
New York City.

DEAR SIR:

Kindly cancel my subscription. You have turned LIFE into a "Joke" book.

J. WHIPLEBY,
Boston, Mass.

DEAR LIFE:

Congratulations on the recent issues! Great improvement! And a huzza for the return of Mr. Pipp! I learned about women from him!

But — LIFE, why, in Heaven's name, those terrible rules on your pages? They give me the impression of a Jester behind bars.

A Life long friend,
R. K. Chatterfield,
Philadelphia.

EDITORIAL NOTE: See next week's LIFE!



STARTING
NEXT WEEK!
NEW YORK
LIFE
A New Weekly
Section



TRUANT WHISKERS

THOSE sly little batches of hair that always seem to play truant to the razor — get after them with Squibb's Shaving Cream.

A real shave needs Squibb's. It's so thorough—so satisfactory. The razor almost smiles as it coasts through. Such easy work. No tug nor tussle. And, at the end, a fresh, smooth comfort.

Don't play truant yourself from the shaving satisfaction of Squibb's. Lather up with it tomorrow. Squibb's Shaving Cream is sold at all drug stores. The price, too, is quite reasonable. 40c a generous tube.

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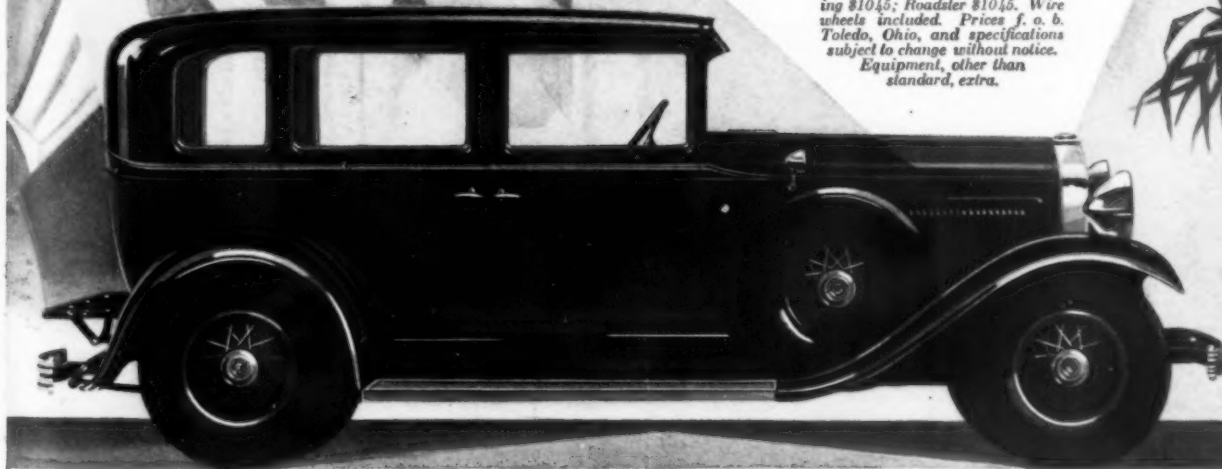
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